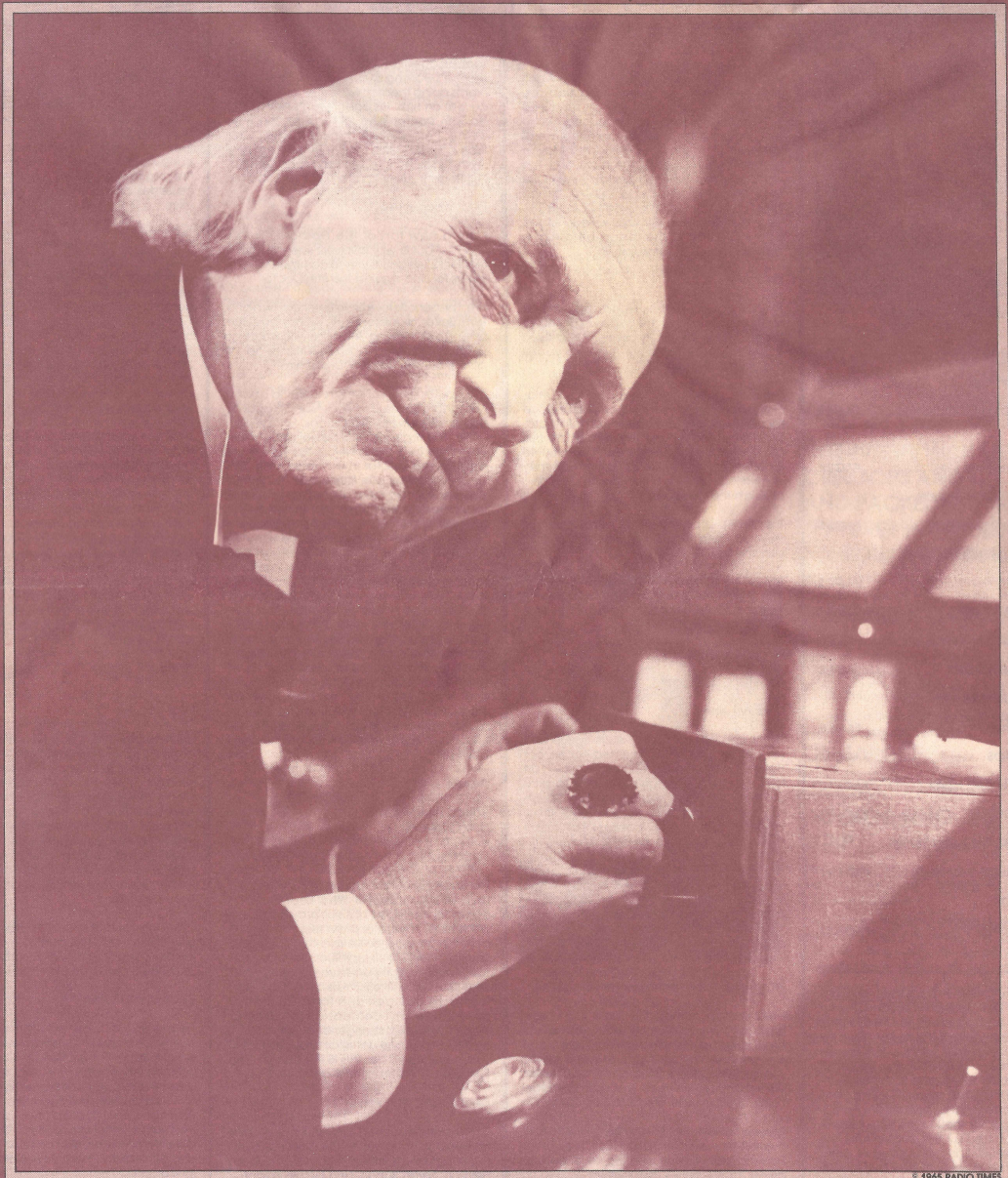
WHOVIAN TIMES™

DOCTOR WHO FAN CLUB OF AMERICA'S NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 14



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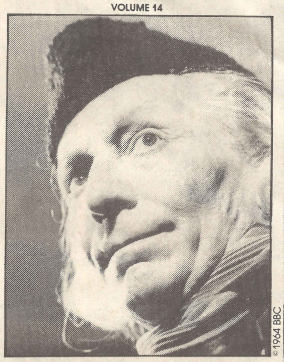

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

WHO'S CORNER
by Doctor Frog ..... PAGE 2
A WORD FROM WHOQUARTERS ..... PAGE 3
WHO AND I
by Nicholas Courtney ..... PAGE 4
NEWS FROM GREAT BRITAIN
by J. Jeremy Bentham ..... PAGE 5
A LETTER FROM THE PRODUCER
by John Nathan-Turner ..... PAGE 5
NEW MERCHANDISE ..... PAGES 6-7
WHO IS VERITY LAMBERT ..... PAGE 8
WHO'S COMPANIONS ..... PAGE 8
REVIEW: THE KEYS OF MARINUS
by Marc Platt ..... PAGE 9
CLASSIFIED ADS ..... PAGE 10
CONVENTION CALENDAR ..... PAGE 10
WORDSEARCH ..... PAGE 10
DOCTOR WHO THE EARLY YEARS
by J. Jeremy Bentham ..... PAGE 11
INTERVIEWHO:
CAROLE ANN FORD ..... PAGE 12

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CHAD ROARK — RON KATZ
CO-FOUNDERS DWFCA

WHO'S CORNER

By Doctor Frog

Hello,

I'm NOT Doctor Dave. No. Absolutely not. You see, Dee Dee ran off and tied the knot...got married. Since then, it seems he either never returned to Whoquarters or he just got too busy to return the hundreds of letters sitting in this stack before me. Maybe he became involved in the real world. This stack of letters IS the real world! Anywho, we wish David and his bride, Tammy, all the best. If you don't mind, I shall sit in for this issue. Furthermore, perhaps instead of just printing some of the letters before me, maybe I'll answer a few first. Eh?

Dear DWFCA:

Please (and I rather hope this sounds plaintive enough) are you ever going to have another short story contest? And if you do, can you please have more stories like the ones in the last "ish"?

There are quite a few fans nowadays (relatively speaking) and this has been a chance for a few wonderful talents to come forward. Most people I've met are afraid to write down what they've imagined their favourite incarnation of the Doctor doing. Or if they do write it down, they're afraid of the criticism they'll receive.

The "Times" shows everyone a great point of view, unafraid to show emotion or imagination: the fan view.

To ask for a regular feature like that just might be asking for too much. (To ask for better and better articles isn't, since the "Times" already does that.)

Whoviastically yours,

Annette C. Spranger

Dear Annette:

Thank you for your letter. I quite agree with you; there are lots of talented writers out there too afraid to lay their emotions and art form on the line. We were happy to print some of the stories we received, although some of the good ones were really too long. This was a short story contest, but some stories we got in were scripts for movies!

All the same we would be amenable to your idea; however, I would like to hear some feedback from other members. Do you think a short story or two should be part of every "Whovian Times"? Let me know.

Dear Who's Corner:

All right, so I'm a Tom Baker fan. So kill me.

I realize that among the more high brow Who fans this labels me as a wild-eyed fanatic, a poor deluded creature who can't see beyond the scarf into the true philosophy of solipsistic existentialism that **Doctor Who** conveys, at least according to the book, "Doctor Who, The Unfolding Text."

Maybe I'm only in it for the laughs, and call me a fair weather fan. I just find Peter Davison about as interesting as a stalk of celery. That's merely my opinion.

Anyway, what this letter is about is that, as of late, I've noticed a distressing lack of information as to what Tom's been up to lately. Don't get me wrong. I don't expect a four-color illustrated feature article every second issue of your newsletter. It's just that I haven't heard anything about him since early 1984, not a word, not a syllable. William Hartnell gets more write-up and he's dead!

No News is Not Good News.

Ilze Vitands
Chicago, IL

Dear Ilze:

Bang. You're dead! How dare you be in this just for laughs. Just out for a good time, are you? I have half a mind to turn you into the STLTHDW (Society That Loves To Hate Doctor Who)! You'd never make in Australia or England or Libya.

It's not that we're deliberately snubbing Tom. His agent snubs us. Other than the fact that he's working six days a week and seven nights doing theatre, we really have nothing current on him. His agent wants nothing to do with **Doctor Who**, at least for the time being. Perhaps she thinks he's become type-cast. Why don't you write and ask her? Jean Diamond c/o London Management, 235 Regent Street, London W1A 2JT England.

Dear Whoquarters:

I am a new fan of the Doctor's (a few months) but a very involved science fiction reader (22 years). I wish to comment on the letters for and against the fifth Doctor.

First, I personally love both Peter Davison and Tom Baker as actors. I have not had the privilege of viewing the other incarnations yet, but hope to soon. This letter is not about actors, but the Doctor as I see him.

The Doctor is not a human male! To attach human male stereotypes (which I'm against anyway) to him is ridiculous. Things like, "Well, this regeneration has a deep male voice, so he's more of a hero" is simply putting the Doctor in a human context, when really, you can't, because he isn't. Of course, as humans, we respond to the characteristics that seem human to us, but all that is just our opinions. Perhaps a "squeaky voice" is considered the ultimate image of the "manly male" (whatever that is!) on Gallifrey! If you expect the Doctor to react to your image of a "heroic-type male" in each regeneration, honey, you're in for a disappointment sooner or later. And perhaps you'd better pick a different genre to find your type of heroes, like Westerns, or cop shows. But give me science fiction, where stereotypes are often shattered, and where the Doctor is the greatest hero there can be, one who cares. If you need the safety of stereotypes, better not follow the Doctor, 'cause only one thing's for sure, you'll never know what he'll be like next, till it comes! And I love it!!

Thanks,

Ronda Henderson
Springdale, AR

Dear Ronda:

Here, here. Couldn't agree with you more. I love the way **Doctor Who** keeps me off balance; that's part of it's charm. However, I do feel that with a show like this and a column available like this, fans will (and should) voice their opinions on who their favorites and their un-favorites are (what they like and dislike). This is a fan forum and it's fun to go back and forth. Still, it has always been my contention that **Doctor Who**, the series, is stronger and more important than any one actor/actress/producer/writer ever could be. This IS the Doctor Who Fan Club of America after all, isn't it?

Dear Doctor Who Fan Club:

The recent question in your column has been about favorites. In the area concerning companions, all I've read about is Janet Fielding, Sarah Sutton, and Nicola Bryant.

What about the female population?

The best thing to hit **Doctor Who** was Mark Strickson! With his boy-ish features, delightful red hair, blue eyes, and the sexiest legs this side of Trion, he certainly captured my heart!

Geri Courshon
Waukegan, IL

Dear Geri:

Does your mother know you watch shows like that and write letters like this?

Dear Who's Corner:

I'm sure other Whovians as well as myself would like to know if there will ever be videocassettes of **Doctor Who** available in this country. They have them in England, where can I get them here?

Tracey A. Lipford
Canton, MI

Dear Tracey:

Funny you should mention that. CBS Fox Video has acquired the license for **Doctor Who** videocassettes in the United States. In fact, they called Whoquarters recently for consultation on which videos to bring out first and how to market them. Watch for the cassettes in an upcoming "Whovian Times" issue.

Dear DWFCA:

I was happy to see you at the Creation Convention (Peter Davison) in Chicago last September and I was very disappointed to not see you at the TARDIS 22 Spirit of Light Convention in Chicago last November. I had planned to renew my membership at that time. However, since you were not there I am mailing in my membership renewal with this letter. I have also heard that the reason that you were not at TARDIS 22 is that Spirit of Light would not allow you to attend. If that is true, I think that it is a pretty sorry situation when the largest **Doctor Who** fan club is not allowed to attend the largest **Doctor Who** convention! I would appreciate any information that you could provide regarding this situation because I definitely plan to voice my dissatisfaction with the Spirit of Light management.
I sure hope that you are still planning a **Doctor Who** event in Chicago some time this year. Your Festival of last March is still my favorite. It was definitely the best organized convention that I have been to and the whole atmosphere of the event was such that it made me feel truly happy about the whole thing!

Charles S. Dinges
Genoa, IL

Dear Charles:

Unfortunately, yes, the Doctor Who Fan Club of America was banned from TARDIS 22 by Spirit of Light. Believe me, we were as disappointed as you were. We missed not seeing many old acquaintances and fan club members. Obviously, we had no control over the situation. There were many phone calls made to the "powers that be," but to no avail. Spirit of Light management would not budge. Banning DWFCA was not only a slap in the face to the fan club but to fan club members also.

Chicago (and the surrounding area) is still one of the finest **Doctor Who** markets in the country. The Doctor Who Festival Tour will certainly make a stop in your area in 1986.

Dear Who's Corner:

I would like to respond to Jeremy Kareken's comments about Graham Williams and John Nathan-Turner. First off, Graham Williams is guilty of nothing except the Romana regeneration, which is more than made up for in stories like "The Sunmakers" and "The Armageddon Factor," two of the more innovative Tom Baker stories. You must also give Williams credit for conceiving the character of K-9, the most popular companion to date.

As for John Nathan-Turner having higher standards of production than any other producer, I must disagree. Barry Letts was a far better producer than J N-T or any other producer for that matter.

Producing all the Pertwees (except for "Spearhead from Space"), Letts put more originality into the program than anyone

else. He created The Master and put him in "Terror of the Autons," he brought us our reptilian friends the Silurians and the Sea Devils, and he brought us one of the most popular of the aliens that hound The Doctor: The Sontarans. He has also produced classic stories like "The Daemons," "The Three Doctors," "Frontier in Space," and my personal favorite "Planet of the Spiders," which he also directed.

Mike Rutherford
Corte Madera, CA

Dear Mike:

The BBC carefully picks each producer. As is with favorite Doctors, companions, etc., of course you are entitled to your favorite producer. I agree, Barry Letts was great, But what about some of the other producers: Verity Lambert ("The Dalek Invasion of Earth"), Peter Bryant ("Tomb of the Cybermen"), Derrick Sherwin ("Spearhead from Space"), John Nathan-What's-His-Name ("Earthshock," "Caves of Androzani," "The Two Doctors")...just to name a few. All the producers have had their great episodes and ones they would like to forget.

To All Whovians (Human, Timelord, or Otherwise):

I am ashamed to say that I am one of your number. What has been going on in this letter column in the past few issues is disgraceful. What would the Doctor think of you? I really must insist that this senseless bickering cease and desist immediately. Have you listened to yourselves lately? "MY Doctor is better than YOUR Doctor, that OTHER Doctor is such a wimp, and I just can't stand the NEW Doctor, so I'm just going to sit in my room and sulk while I watch MY Doctor until he regenerates into a REAL MAN again!" Comical as it may sound, this is just what's being said! I think the ("sixth") Doctor put it most eloquently when he said, "I AM the Doctor, like it or not!"

One other thing, if we're going to have a contest for the best companion's legs, let's not cut up Peri. I can tell you the winner right here and now: Jamie!!!

Respectfully yours,

Debbie Barnum
Glen Mills, PA

Dear Debbie:

I didn't realize the "best legs" contest was restricted to companions. I cast my vote for Patrick Troughton. Now there's a set of wheels.

Dear Doctor Who Fan Club:

Some time ago, there was information released saying **Doctor Who** would be put up on satellite. When is this going to happen?

Sandy Ringer
Beverly Hills, CA

Dear Sandy:

Personally, I don't think it will happen, at least not for a long time. PBS affiliates would have to all agree as to when **Doctor Who** would air and that's pretty far fetched. Too many hands in the pot to make a decision like that. Besides, it takes a lot of money to put together a deal like that, and, up until now Lionheart probably didn't have it. However, this may change as Lionheart was purchased, recently, by the BBC!

Well, there it is. Didn't we have fun together? Actually, there were so many good letters, "Who's Corner" could take up this whole newsletter. Thanks to all of you who wrote. Don't be discouraged if your letter wasn't printed. Keep writing and one day it will happen. Remember, if you want an answer to your letter, you must send an S.A.S.E. to us. Doctor Dave's duties are being picked up by some knowledgeable **Doctor Who** fans, so many of your letters that were not ans-

WHO'S CORNER CONTINUED PAGE 10

A Word From WHO QUARTERS

Hello to all of our old friends and welcome to the many new members of our organization. Since our last issue, our membership has increased to nearly 50,000 members! This is also due, in part, to the fact that many old members have renewed their memberships (even though our renewal packets were very late in going out). If you haven't received your renewal package, you will soon. We've been sending them out a little at a time. Thank you for your patience. In any event, it's pleasing to report that DWFCA has been getting bigger and healthier. In fact...

We've just completed our computer revamp. What a pain in the neck...and the wallet! However, now that we have everything on hard disk, we'll be able to send out renewal notices monthly, memberships quicker and merchandise more efficiently. In fact, in the last issue it was mentioned that only members renewing before December 15th would receive a renewal badge as well as a new card. We changed our minds, and now all renewals will receive the entire packet (including our great new renewal badge!). Thank you again for your patience.

We welcome the return of our regular BBC column, "A Letter from the Producer," by John Nathan-Turner. There wasn't much to write about until now, however, as the new season went into production on March 31st, there'll be lots to write about. To add to J N-T's column, the final title of "The Mysterious Planet" has been decided: "The Robots of Revlux." It is a six-part story, although the last two episodes will actually be aired as the season's finale. That is to say, Parts Five and Six of Story One will actually appear as the thirteenth and fourteenth episodes of the season! Got that? As previously mentioned in the "Times," this season is only a fourteen episode season with each episode running its traditional twenty-five minute length. Also, for the first (and only time) since the sixteenth season (the "Key to Time" series), the twenty-third season will have an "umbrella" theme. That is to say, the entire season has one theme or working plot. Although the season's cut in half, the budget stays the same. All indications point toward the finest season ever and we're truly excited. However, Michael Grade still insists the series is "on trial." However, if **Doctor Who**'s ratings point upward and it remains popular with the Brits, you can bet "Who" will be around for a while. In fact, the series is nearing its twenty-fifth year, a quarter of a century old. It would be a shame to cut it short now, and we predict that **Doctor Who** will see its twenty-fifth anniversary! For now the Doctor is safe, but...

For all of you BBC letter-writing folks out there, we have a suggestion. Thousands of letters were written by DWFCA members, why not write one more? How about writing Michael Grade a letter of thanks for returning the show to the airwaves. It would certainly be a show of a positive attitude instead of all the fan negativity he's been receiving. It would also be a show of gratitude as well as letting him know we're still here, still concerned and NOT raving lunatics. We bet he would appreciate it. Ever wonder what would happen to a "blue meanie" when you brightened his day with a "nice" letter? Try it. (Mr. Michael Grade, Controller BBC 1, BBC Television, Wood Lane, London W12 7RJ England)

WIN A TRIP TO ENGLAND

It's on! We'll be there with our winners the week of June 9th. Our winners from 1984 and 1985 will get to see **Doctor Who** live, in production, as well as meeting with the celebrities and behind-the-scenes men and women who make "Who" tick! We'll also (hopefully) be able to see a play that Tom Baker is currently involved with as well as seeing the sights of London. Not only the sights of London will be graced by our presence but we'll also visit the English countryside and go to see the **Doctor Who** Exhibition in Longleat and stay in the historic town of Bath. Our 1986 winner will be published in our Christmas Edition of the "Whovian Times" and will go to England in 1987. Remember, all you have to do to be involved in this contest is to be a member of DWFCA. It's a strong point when you're signing up new members and a good reason to renew your membership when it comes due.

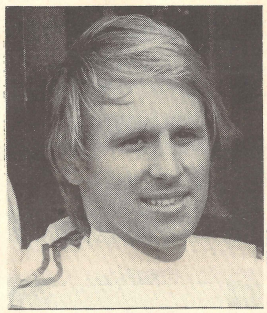
TARDIS TOKENS

Don't forget: each time you sign up a new member, send in the proper information along with their $5.00 dues AND a self-addressed, stamped envelope. For each referral you give, you're entitled to one TARDIS TOKEN (good for $1.00 off on any DWFCA merchandise either at a Festival or through the mail). Also, from now on, each time you purchase a Festival ticket through Whoquarters, a TARDIS token will be sent to you, along with your ticket to the Festival.

Although this issue is not printed in full color, it does not mean we've abandoned full color. We changed the format simply because this issue and the next deal so much with the early yyears and the best photos from those years are in black and white. Don't judge a newsletter by its color; the "Whovian Times" is still regarded, far and away, as the best of the **Doctor Who** publications anywhere. Enjoy.

DOCTOR WHO FESTIVAL and EXHIBIT TOUR

DAVISON JOINS FESTIVAL TOUR IN MAY '86



©1982 BBC

Peter Davison has agreed to join the Doctor Who Festival Tour in May. Davison has become one of the most prolific actors in England. On behalf of the PBS affiliates in the host cities and **Doctor Who** fans, we wish to thank Mr. Davison for taking time "off" to help raise money for public television and promote the **Doctor Who** series here in the States.

SEE BOX BELOW FOR DATES AND LOCATIONS

THE FOLLOWING DATES AND CORRESPONDING CITIES HAVE BEEN SET FOR THE DOCTOR WHO FESTIVAL

MAY 17TH DENVER, COLORADO

MAY 18TH PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MAY 23RD MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

MAY 25TH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

TICKET PRICES FOR THE ABOVE SHOWS ARE:

$5.00 FOR ADULTS

$2.50 FOR CHILDREN 12 AND UNDER

For more information call (303) 322-5072 Monday thru Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (MST).

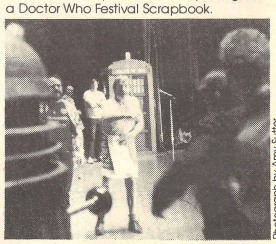
Purchase Festival tickets through DWFCA and receive a TARDIS token for each ticket purchased.

Charge your tickets (by phone) to VISA or MasterCard or send a check or money order to: Doctor Who Festival, P.O. Box 6198, Denver, CO 80206.

Purchase Festival tickets through DWFCA and receive a TARDIS token for each ticket purchased AND be in the first autograph session.

There is simply not enough Time and (especially) Space to let you know where we've been, what we've done or how much fun the Doctor Who Festival has been. Quickly: Colin Baker joined the Tour in Houston and dazled three thousand fans with his wit, charm and larger-than-life self (well, at least larger than any of the other Doctors!). On to Tampa, to a smaller but no less enthusiastic crowd. A great weekend: Houston, on Friday night (a new market for us, where we signed up nearly a thousand members) and an old market, Tampa, on Sunday. Then, the jelly babies hit the fan! Patrick Troughton never is the same, but is always zany. Again, a new market on a Friday night in New Hampshire. Over one thousand fans were thrilled when Pat surprised everyone and entered the costume contest. Sunday was probably our single most outrageous Festival. Two thousand two hundred fans witnessed a skit where Troughton, in nothing but shoes, socks and a TARDIS towel wrapped around him, chased Wil Schrader (President of the Unearthly Children) who had "ripped off" his costume for the costume contest.

Let's take this Time and Space to give credit where credit is definitely due. Local fan clubs and Charter Chapters play a huge part in these Festivals. Fact is, we couldn't have produced them without the help of: the Knights of Prydonia, the Tampa Bay DWFCA Charter Chapter, the New England Time Lord Academy, the Prydonians of Prynceton (Charter Chapter), the Jersey Jagaroths (Charter Chapter), the "B" Team and, last but not least, the Unearthly Children (Charter Chapter). Now take note: there were about one hundred volunteers who gave much of their time and energy to make our events "happen." I wish we could name them all, but we really do not have the room. Perhaps we'll have to put together a Doctor Who Festival Scrapbook.



Photograph by Amy Sutter

From right to left: DWFCA co-founder Ron Katz holds Wil Schrader for Pat Troughton. Mark Modig, (an unidentified fan), Tom Beck and George the Dalek look on.

DOCTOR WHO BULLETIN

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THE **DOCTOR WHO BULLETIN** is a monthly magazine that will prove to be a highly collectable British Import as well as a perfect supplement to our own quarterly Whovian Times. Between the two publications, you will be totally up to date and knowledgeable on everything involved with **DOCTOR WHO**. Single copies available for $4.50 each (includes postage).

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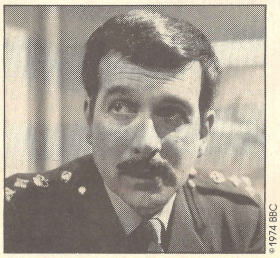
PLEASE ALLOW 3-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

WHO AND I

By Nicholas Courtney

We have commissioned Mr. Nicholas Courtney to write this issue's "Who and I." We give each celebrity a free hand in this column. Some tell stories about their years on **Doctor Who**, some write about what "Who" has meant in their lives. Nick has been such a large part of the **Doctor Who** series, if he started telling stories it might take up this entire newsletter...five times over! His welcomed contribution in "Who and I" gives us an insight to the person of the Brig as well as Nicholas Courtney, what "Who" has done for and to him, and how a **Doctor Who** celebrity views the world of fandom in the United States.



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Brigadier Alastair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart strode into the ornate lobby of the celebrated Hotel De Longpre, wondering what on earth he was doing--on the West Coast of the United States of America, in the middle February, in extremely hot weather. By night, the temperature should have been damned cold, or decidedly wet. At best, there ought to have been a distinct nip in the air. "Never mind," the Brigadier thought to himself, "I have always relished the thought of being an ambassador for the good Doctor."

The individual in question could not be present at the weekend's special event; he was once again "absent without leave," doubtless satisfying his curiosity concerning yet another aspect of the galaxy. He never seemed to tire of gallivanting across the universe in that somewhat dubious vehicle of his which resembled one of England's extinct police public call boxes.

As Lethbridge-Stewart reached the hotel reception desk, he was astonished to observe a number of people milling about the entrance hall dressed in all manner of unusual garb. Some of the costumes were reminiscent of the outfit worn by the chap who had first introduced himself to Lethbridge-Stewart as simply "The Doctor": baggy pants, ill-fitting jacket and string tie. Yes, recalled the Brig, he kept playing his flute whenever you tried to get some sense out of him. Others in the hotel foyer resembled the tall, dandified fellow whose passions were for fast cars and gadgets of any kind. A few reminded him of that very amiable, blond young man with whom he shared an adventure during his sojourn as a math teacher at public school in the west country. But for the most part, the people whom Lethbridge-Stewart observed were dressed like that other chap with the curly brown hair and saucer blue eyes who brought to mind Harpo Marx. And of course, they all had the interminably long multi-colored woolen scarf which had been such a hazard during moments of stress in that business with the giant robot.

It was while Lethbridge-Stewart was recollecting the events of that particular episode in his career that he was thunderstruck to observe four women coming toward him; all four were sporting the uniform that he himself had worn in his earlier days with U.N.I.T.! Not only did they all display that bothersome beret which he had never cared for, but these ladies even had false moustaches painted on their upper lips!

It was then that the Brigadier felt in need. Fortunately, the bar was close at hand. Since he had had little exposure to American spirits, he invited the barman's advice.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "we do serve wine by the glass. Have you tried our rosê?"

Expecting something from the Provence in France, Lethbridge-Stewart was fascinated to taste something which, he was informed, came from the Napa Valley (wherever that was).

He was just reflecting how smoothly this delightful beverage descended when a voice came from behind.

"Are you enjoying that, Brigadier?"

"Most certainly," he replied, swinging 'round on the bar stool to face what he could only regard as a transvestite version of his younger self.

"May I buy you another, then?" enquired the young lady.

Not having been propositioned in this manner before, by a perfect stranger, he demurred, particularly since Lethbridge-Stewart was nothing if not old-fashioned; and accepting drinks from American ladies who presumably were impersonating him by their appearance confused him somewhat. But then his good manner took over and he courteously acquiesced.

It was then that more people came into sight, and soon he found himself quite the centre of attraction. All this was somewhat overwhelming, since Lethbridge-Stewart was by nature a reserved man; these reserves, however, were quickly broken down by the very genuine enthusiasm and hospitality being showered on him. It was a few glasses later that it occurred to him that indeed, a "shower" was what he most needed. Accepting an invitation to dinner, extending his thanks to all his many hosts, the Brig excused himself and went up to his suite. "Very spacious," he murmured as he surveyed the scene upon entrance. "But, where's the bed?" Eventually, he discovered that the widest bed he had ever seen descended to floor level out of the very wall. "Rather like that Bob Hope film, 'The Cat and the Canary,'" he reflected.

Supper was not in the hotel, but at a posh restaurant some twenty minutes away. And what an experience that drive was; he thought Sgt. Benton reckless at the wheel! And Americans did it on the wrong side of the road! However, the food was excellent if copious by British standards. The company was charming, although he found himself rather outnumbered, since all three of his dinner partners were female. Not that this didn't please Lethbridge-Stewart, it did; he was flattered. But he had always been accustomed to the company of men in the Regimental Mess. And during his time in Geneva, ladies' nights had been few and far between.

Returning to the hotel, the Brigadier turned in early; it had been a long flight from Heathrow, and he was tired. He slept soundly and awoke the next morning ready for breakfast. He was not disappointed: scrambled eggs and ham, toast and coffee, preceded by the luxury of fresh orange juice; just what the Doctor ordered.

Soon he was joined by the organisers of the "con," as they called it, in order to plan the sequence of the day's events. "Another working breakfast," he mused. His duties were extremely light, particularly compared to the problems of dealing with invasions of Yeti, giant maggots and the like. The schedule was was follows: a lecture to the assembled company describing details of various adventures with various Doctors (insofar as the Official Secrets Act permitted him to discuss classified information), followed by a question and answer session in which--as he was later witness to--no holds were barred. The Brigadier discovered that Americans can be very direct, whereas the British are rather frightened of showing their feelings too quickly. Americans suffer no such inhibitions. Not for the first time it occurred to him that Queen Victoria had a lot to answer for, a thought which made perfect sense considering that Lethbridge-Stewart, like his father, was a born Edwardian. Next on the agenda there was to be an extended signing session. This proved to be a new departure. Lethbridge-Stewart was used to affixing his initials authorizing innumerable courses of action in any given situation; but to actually "give an autograph" to five or six hundred people over a period of two hours or so was quite a novelty. Mind you, the recipients were always solicitous.

"Have you got writer's cramps yet?" he found them asking.

The Brigadier shook his head, declining.

"But my neck could do with a massage."

He was gratified to find that there was no shortage of volunteers for this particular task. The top priority was to insure that everyone got their photographs, or books, signed.

When this was accomplished, Lethbridge-Stewart leaned back in his chair.

"Can I get you something, sir?" a voice enquired.

"That's most kind of you," he replied. "Some of that delightful wine from the Napa Valley would go down a treat."

And it did!

Later in the day, there was a press conference. This consisted of many pictures being taken, and a battery of additional questions about the exploits of the men and women of U.N.I.T. Some were critical of the difficult decisions that all military commanders have to make. But many were laudatory. The Brigadier explained his feeling that, from time to time, politicians make life complicated for the professional soldier. "Above all," he continued, "the Doctor is the force for good." He, Lethbridge-Stewart, always hoped to be on the side of the angels, but like any other human being, he was prone to error. He reflected briefly on the appalling loss of life in two world wars, and on the number of U.N.I.T. personnel who also had given their lives in the service of humanity. "Splendid chaps," he murmured, paraphrasing his own sentiments in another context, "all of the them."

As the reporters tidied up their notes, Lethbridge-Stewart thanked them, arising to his feet in acknowledgement of their kind applause.

His final assignment was a cocktail party before the necessary packing in order to catch his flight back to Blighty. Again, hospitality, consideration and efficiency.

Luggage checked in. Time for one more refreshing glass before boarding the plane.

As he settled into his window seat--prior to the first class service inevitable on the world's favorite airline--the Brig looked back on the events of the weekend with satisfaction.

"It is certain," he thought, "that I shall be returning to America."

In fact, he found himself already anticipating that occasion; when, winging his way west over the Atlantic, he would utter that time-worn phrase:

"Here We Go Again!"

NEWS FROM GREAT BRITAIN

BY J. JEREMY BENTHAM

Have any of you ever seen one of those French farce plays, in which most of the action revolves around a central set wherein characters come and go with increasing alarm and rapidity, usually accompanied by much slamming and opening of doors, all with intended hilarious consequences? You have? Rather funny aren't they?

Surveying the unfolding developments within **Doctor Who**'s world since last I put pen to paper for this column, one cannot help but be reminded of David Garrick's theatrical innovation as the list of comings and goings, departures and non-departures approaches almost fever pitch with the onset of rehearsals for Season 23.

The principle guest on stage is, of course, the series itself which, last time we swapped stories, looked dangerously close to packing its bags for good. Well, now it seems there is life after death, and the word from the herd on the BBC's infamous "Sixth Floor" is that there are intentions for seasons of **Doctor Who** at least up to its 25th anniversary in 1988. Unofficially, grapevine rumours have it that the 1987 series may be even less than the fourteen episodes promised this year -a figure of 12 has been mooted - but you know what rumours are; and at present at the BBC there are as many folk wearing "We Love Doctor Who" badges as there are those raising hands and yelling, "Woe, woe and thrice woe" whenever the series's future is mentioned...

Doctor Who's renewed license to thrill has required a sacrificial lamb however, and that lamb has been "Tripods." A big budget science-fiction series with pioneering visual effects, the two seasons of "Tripods" inherited **Doctor Who**'s traditional Saturday slot, and immediately took ratings down faster than the "Titanic" and the "Lusitania" combined. At best "Tripods" attracted roughly half of **Doctor Who**'s average figures, and so by the end of Season Two was clearly being judged as not making the grade. So Grade axed it. He then, just as quickly resurrected it, on the strength of arguments for completing the trilogy, before finally changing his mind again and telling the show to put its hat and coat on for keeps. After that, it was just a case of Grade running back onto centre stage, saying, "Sorry for the inconvenience lads, have another season or two of **Doctor Who** to make up for it."

But wait a moment. Where is the Captain and the First Officer at the outset of this intrepid two year mission? A month or two earlier, cap and muffler in hand, John Nathan-Turner had looked set to cross Union House's threshold in search of fresh dramatic challenges having stated, at the DWASocial 5 Convention, "I feel that after what's happened recently, I will almost definitely only play one more."

But don't worry folks, he's been saying that annually since 1981. At the crucial moment, up pops a Christmas-spirited Johnathan Powell (J N-T's boss) with an offer he can't refuse. And after the latest words from the Don, a donning of hat and coat looks again unlikely for **Doctor Who**'s most notorious and colourful personality.

But what of the Script-Editor? He actually got as far as leaving the stage, beckoned out by the glittering prizes on offer from the twin Eldorados of BBC Radio and commercial television. In December, with work still in progress on Season 23, reports filtered through that Eric Saward had formally resigned to devote more time to playwriting for ITV and radio. Fortunately, just in time, a new contract for BBC Television was whipped out with sufficient inducements to keep the wayward Saward away from the weigh station. Calamity was once again averted.

So, with J N-T and Eric Saward back together on centre stage attention could be focused on the comings and goings on in the wings. Here, battling to get through the front door, were the stories being tendered for this year. As of the last "Whovian Times," leading frontrunners were David Halliwell, and Pip and Jane Baker together with their superb creation, the Rani.

Few would deny Kate O'Mara's masterly upstaging performance in her debut story "Mark of the Rani.". Even the show's harshest critics put aside their inkwells of vitriol sufficiently to predict a welcome future for the amoral renegade. But, the best laid plans of mice and men...

Late in the autumn of 1985 came the news of Kate O'Mara's defection to the world of glossy soap opera. Pleasing only those vegetarians who like their colourful fare served up with much exotic sauce but with no actual meat, Kate paused only to prohibit W.H. Allen from using her likeness on the "Rani" paperback before shooting off to the States to caress the fickle coffers of "Dynasty's" executive management.

The juggling act faltered, but only momentarily. David Halliwell and Pip and Jane Baker were bid fond farewells but, with quickness of hand deceiving the eye, their place was taken by a reconstituted Christopher Bidmead story originally shelved from the Season 22 line-up...

Thus the finished performance for 1987 starts with a four-parter by Robert Holmes, and then continues with another four episodes by Philip Martin, with Ron Jones slated as Director. Next comes the Christopher Bidmead tale, also in four parts, before the season is topped off with two episodes, again by Robert Holmes, to wrap up the umbrella theme being unfurled for the season as a whole.

But what of a finale for this grand spectacular. Fear not, it's got one...

Miffed at missing a prime role in the BBC adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender is the Night," due to contractual **Doctor Who** commitments, Nicola Bryant will not be continuing her regular role as Peri Brown past the mid-point of Season 23. (Pause for shocked gasps from Peri fans who probably also like their Cadillacs with 1950's bumpers.) Can the Doctor survive without a loyal friend at his side? Of course he can't...

So, with fanfares sounding, enter stage left the new companion in the diminutive form of the all-singing, all-dancing, mime and mimicry accomplished Bonnie Langford--ready to do to USA convention cabarets what the A-bomb did to Hiroshima.

When the news of Bonnie Langford's casting broke over here, in time for the new year, all through the land could be heard impersonations of the infamous "Fawlty Towers" sequence, "Perhaps, it's a dream." (Bangs head twice on table) "No, it isn't a dream, we're stuck with it." Cue lights, cue music and on with the show.

Best Wishes to all.

Till Next Time

p.s. Just off the presses, folks: Michael Grade has recently been heard nationwide in an interview for BBC Radio. Guess who's going to be keeping a tight watch on **Doctor Who**'s production all through this year? Haven't we all been this way before...

A LETTER FROM The Producer

BY JOHN NATHAN-TURNER

It is at least a year since I wrote this column. A year that, despite the hiatis, has passed remarkably quickly. My team and I took a much deserved holiday, (I spent five weeks last summer in your wonderful country) and now we are all refreshed and raring to go.

As you read this, we will be back in production! The first story is written by **Doctor Who** veteran Script Writer Robert Holmes and it has a working title of "The Mysterious Planet," though this will definitely change. It is being directed by Nick Mallett, a new comer to the programme but by no means a newcomer to the T.V. industry.

For the first time since "The Stones of Blood," we will be recording on location with video cameras rather than film and what a location we have found. It is a reconstructed (obviously) Iron Age village and visually it is very exciting.

We have a marvelous guest cast for the first story headed by Joan Sims (you may know Joan's work from the "Carry On" series of films). She plays the character Katryca. Also joining us are Tony Selby and the beautiful Lynda Bellingham who has just completed a highly successful West End run in the farce "Look No Hans." There is one other major guest role in the story, but negotiations are not yet complete so I regret I'm unable to reveal the name of the actor at the moment.

During the break in production, there has been an endless stream of rumours, some amusing, some unpleasant and some downright silly. So I shall dispel and/or confirm some of them here and now. The season is fourteen episodes long and will be transmitted in the autumn of this year. There will be an "umbrella" theme throughout the season which is composed of two four-part stories and one six-part story. (An example of an "umbrella" season is the "Key to Time" season.)

There is no story called "Gallifrey" and no plan to destroy the Doctor's home planet. Colin Baker will continue to play the Doctor but Peri (Nicola Bryant) will leave mid-season to make way for Bonnie Langford's portrayal of a new companion named Melanie. Melanie is a computer programmer and fitness fanatic from Pease Pottage in Sussex. She eats health food: bran, raw carrots etc., and will encourage the Doctor to go on a diet.

The second story of the season is written by Philip ("Vengeance on Varos") Martin and will feature the return of Sil, played by Nabil Shaban and will be directed by Ron Jones (of "Black Orchid," "Frontios," "Varos," etc. fame). The final story is still very much undecided, though I have engaged another **Doctor Who** newcomer, Chris Clough, as Director.

I hope you all share the enthusiasm with which the production is being made, when you see the new season in due course.

On a personal front, I have just delivered the manuscript for my second book, entitled "Doctor Who - The Companions," to be published in the United Kingdom by Piccadilly Press and in the United States by Random House. The book which is about all the companions, focuses on those with whom I have worked and in particular the companions I have created. It will be published later this year. Also, look out for a range of **Doctor Who** books, in the "Find Your Fate" series. Some of the first books are written by Pip and Jane Baker, Philip Martin, David Martin, Bill Emms, etc., and they are all to be illustrated by your own Gail Bennett.

John Nathan-Turner

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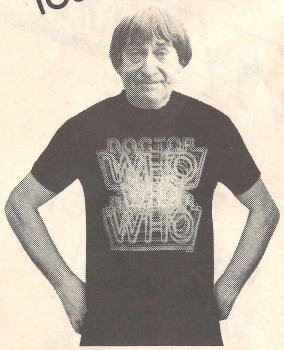

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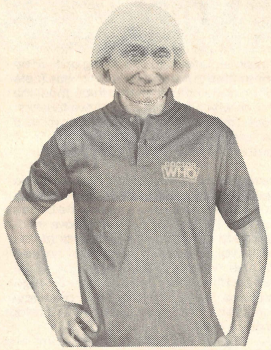

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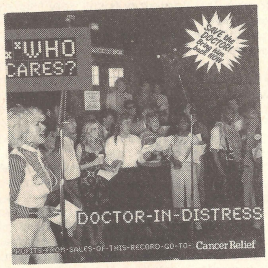

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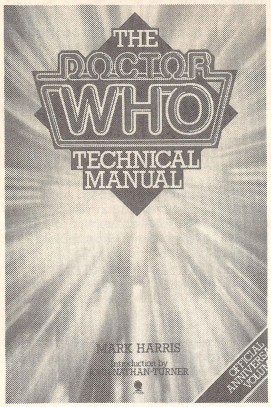

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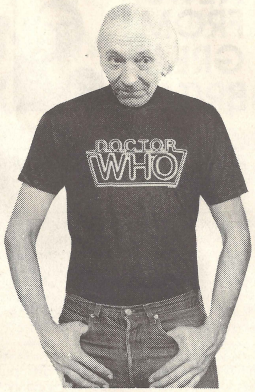

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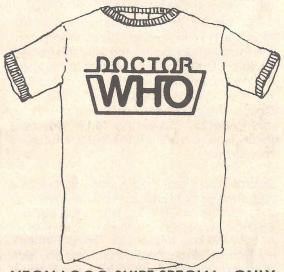

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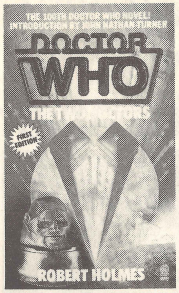

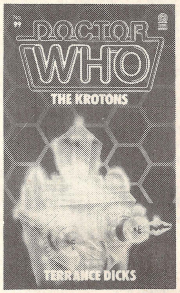

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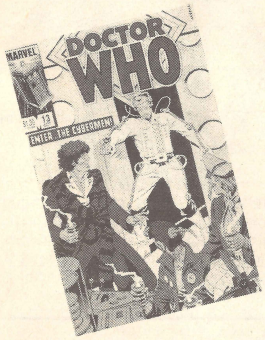

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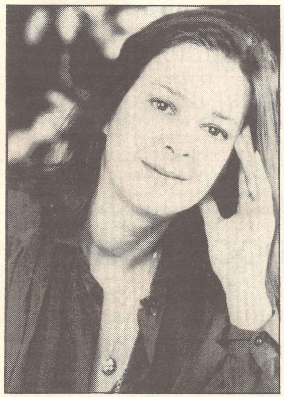

When Verity Lambert emerged from Roedean, one of the most exclusive girls schools in England, there was no hint that she would one day rise to the top of British television. After all, she wasn't a great student; her teachers didn't believe she was university material. Actually Ms. Lambert couldn't have agreed more. She was bored with the institutional education system and went to school in Paris (a year after her graduation) and later took a secretarial course only to suit her parents' wishes. Even that was a waste; it took her nine months to finish the three month course! "My father (a North London accountant) and mother thought it would have been lovely for me to settle down with a nice Jewish doctor. If I'd wanted to, I would have!"

She finally graduated from secretarial school and, with all the social ease and know-how of her background, landed a secretarial job in the press office of Granada Television. That didn't work out, though. There was never enough work to do...and she generally made a mess of what there was! Shortly, she got "the sack." The only good things that came from the job were that she realized (a) she didn't want a secretarial job in a corporate structure, or any place else for that matter and (b) she wanted to be involved, somehow, with television. As she left Granada she said, "Good secretaries will always stay just that...good secretaries!"

Verity immediately took a step backward and used her skills to obtain a job at ABC Television as a shorthand typist, the only route to the goal she now had clearly in her sights...to become a PA (production assistant) to a television director. The director she soon became assistant to happened to be one of ABC's tops, Ted Kotcheff. The show was a prime time and very popular one called "ABC Theatre" (one of ABC's hottest properties). While she worked on that show, as well as others, Producer Sydney Newman noticed that when a director had Verity as his assistant, the shows were better. This fact was tucked away in his mind for future reference.

Ms. Lambert loved her job and devoted herself completely to it. However, after four or five years she decided to take a break and move on. She came to America for about a year where she worked with Producer David Susskind. By the time she returned home, she knew she wanted to direct plays. From her experience with Susskind, she felt at ease applying to Director's Training. However, among other things, she was a woman and the door was slammed in her face. "I was turned down flat and terribly demoralized. I even began to consider leaving, to try something else." Looking back over her career she says, "Perhaps my greatest fortune has been that when a particular line of work has begun to run thin, a new one has opened up."

Voila! The newly installed BBC Head of Drama, Sydney Newman, rang her up. He wanted to expand the Department to cope with the arrival of BBC 2. Remembering this adept PA, he offered her a job as a producer. When she took it, Mr. Newman handed her a sheet of foolscap closely written on both sides...the blueprint for **Doctor Who**.

"At first, there was a tendency for people to pat me on the head and say, 'Don't worry about a thing.' I had to establish a position of not being pushed around. I mean, it was a big jump from PA to Producer and if Sydney hadn't been the sort of person he is, prepared to take a chance on somebody quite untried, I might never have gotten the opportunity. Still, I had to be tough. I believe you must be." We must remember that Verity Lambert was not only the first producer of **Doctor Who**, but the BBC's first female producer, the only woman in BBC Television's upper echelon.

She confesses to having a low patience threshold and is reputed to have a notorious temper, but even those at the rasp end of it will admit she is straight and honest. "Of course, I have a temper and it would be pointless to deny it. I'm not afraid to tell people if I don't like something. I don't mean that I am deliberately nasty, but I know how to stand my ground and don't let people push me around."

Verity Lambert produced **Doctor Who** from its very first story, "An Unearthly Child," (November 1963) until nearly October of 1965. Her final story was the unique "Mission to the Unknown." It is unique because it is the only one-episode story in **Doctor Who** history. Furthermore, it does not feature the Doctor or any of the regular cast! "Mission to the Unknown" served only as a "teaser" to a later story, "The Dalek Masterplan."

Success is written all over Verity Lambert's career. After **Doctor Who**, she went on to produce "Detective" and then on to the dramatization of twenty-six Somerset Maugham stories which won BBC Television the Best Drama Series Award for 1969. Under her production came scores of television shows and series.

Perhaps the height of her career came in 1982 when she became the most powerful woman in the British television industry, the Chief Executive of Euston Films (subsidiary of Thames TV). This high gear job put her in direct control of hundreds of actors, producers, writers and the minds of millions of viewers.

While she is happy to be a director, Verity has always been and is a "city girl." "A bit of grime, a lot of noise, no routine, neurotic media people...that's what Verity Lambert thrives on." She selects from a very fashionable wardrobe (she is particularly fond of silk and fine wools), drives a Triumph Stag and has a Great Dane. Even though she's a top female executive who works hard, she plays hard and is known for her great parties and as an excellent cook. "Still," she says, "It's nice to have money. A sizable salary is satisfying. I'm lucky to have always been comfortable. Spending money has always been a pleasure. The difficulty is keeping it!"

Who's New Companion

FLASH

Nicola Bryant will continue as Peri through the first eight episodes of this coming (twenty-third) season. After that, there will be a new face in the TARDIS.

Bonnie Langford will play the Doctor's new companion, Melanie. Melanie is a twenty-one year old computer programmer who comes from Pease Pottage in Sussex, England. She plays a fitness fanatic and is determined to get the Doctor into shape. "One of the first things I do as his new companion," she recently said, "is order the Doctor on a diet (as I regard him as overweight). I also try to get him to exercise. Of course, he will firmly resist both." Ironically, Melanie will be the Doctor's first companion from England since Sarah Jane Smith left the series. Her casting is apparently an attempt to develop the humor (and lead away from the violence) in **Doctor Who**, which Michael Grade has announced will be "on trial" when it returns this year.

Miss Langford was a child star and got her first break on a program called "Opportunity Knocks" (a talent show). She broke into the "big time" at the age of twelve when she starred in ITV's "Just William," in which she played a nauseating, whining brat, Violet Elizabeth. Her most noteworthy role, however, was as RUMPLETEAZER in the London production of "CATS." She is basically a great dancer and singer, however, evidently her acting capabilities excite Colin Baker. "She's a comet of an actress," he told Doctor Who Festival audiences in Houston and Tampa. "I'm very excited. She'll do nothing but enhance the show. I know she'll make me perform even better than I already am! And cute?! She is to cute, what Moby Dick was to whales!" (Don't know exactly how to take that...check her out for yourself!)

Anywho, Miss Langford: On behalf of the American fans, the Canadian fans, and all of us at Whoquarters, we wish you much success and good luck. We're looking forward to seeing you as Melanie and meeting you as Bonnie.

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REVIEW

THE KEYS OF MARINUS

THE KEYS OF MARINUS by Marc Platt

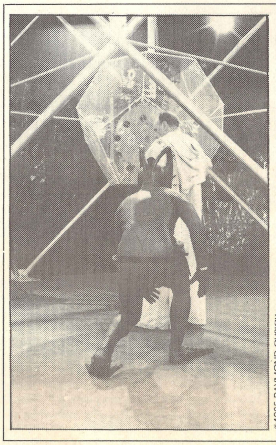
The first season of **Doctor Who** was inevitably a time of experimentation. The beauty of the programme's go anywhere, do anything (within budget and reason) format could also threaten the series' development, simply because apart from the four regular leading characters and the TARDIS, the only consistent factor was the regularly changing location. After the Daleks had taken Britain by storm and consolidated the series as a runaway success that no one had even dreamed about, it was inevitable that Dalek creator Terry Nation would be asked to contribute to the series again. In the hi-tech 1980's, **Doctor Who** is recorded like a film. The scenes are taped out of order and an average four part story is recorded in studio in two blocks of two days each, plus two or three days location filming. In its early years, the series was recorded at the cumbersome rate of one episode a week. Each episode was limited to six sets and leading actors could disappear for a whole episode at a time; written out of the story because they were going on holiday for the week. Terry Nation's "Keys of Marinus" is a direct attempt to make the most of the arduous recording schedules and the restrictions that the studio imposed. Its format is novel and could never be managed in a production today.

As a six parter, "Marinus" would be a quest story, or rather a group of stories with a search theme to unite them. Each episode would unfold in a different location, using six different sets, so that as a whole, the story would have an epic sweep to it. On a grander scale, the format would be tried again in the 1978 "Key to Time" season for Tom Baker's Doctor, where it also proved problematic. The trouble with "Marinus" is that it comes in the first season of **Doctor Who**, and there it seems strangely out of place. Putting what virtually amounts to a single story in each episode is the main flaw. All the other stories in the first season are notable for their development and realistic detail of both ideas and characters. "Marinus" cannot possibly achieve this with so diverse a structure. It is also unfortunate that it is sandwiched between stories that have become undisputed classics, John Lucarotti's "Marco Polo" and "The Aztecs," both so rich in detail and character that "Marinus" is bound to suffer in comparison.

In fact, the format suits Terry Nation down to the ground. He has since proved himself past master of the action story, rarely missing a trick to propel a tale through any twist and turn. "Marinus" is almost a trial run for "Blake's Seven" which is still some fifteen years in the future. If you expect a high degree of subtlety from Terry Nation, you are going to be disappointed. In "Marinus" we are little above the level of classy comic strip. Ideas and plot tumble out fast enough to engage the viewer enough to delay any questions, but the flaws are not far below the surface.

The Earth-like planet Marinus was governed by a "Conscience" Machine; the culmination of the planet's technology. This ultimate deterrent had for centuries radiated an all-powerful benevolent influence over the people, eliminating robbery, fear, hatred and violence. Then a new caste of creatures rose up, the Voord, and their leader, Yartek, was able to resist the power of the Conscience. The people of Marinus would be helpless if Yartek should gain control of the machine for his own ends. Until it could be made infallible, four of the five keys necessary to operate the Conscience were hidden around the planet.

In Part One, "The Sea of Death," the TARDIS arrives on an isolated island, surrounded by a sea of acid. The sole building is a vast pyramid, the Citadel of the Conscience Machine. Considering that this is to be the beginning and closing location of the story, it fares pretty feebly as far as the sets are concerned. The Conscience Machine itself is impressively arrayed in glass, but the beach outside is littered with cutout triangular rocks; even a technician makes an unscheduled appearance. The model work, consisting of the island, the pyramid and the submersible glass crafts with which the Voord travel through the acid sea, are merely passable. The Voord are enigmatic creations. Considering that they are the main villains of the story, we see precious little of them; they only appear in the first and final episodes. They are man-like in form, but clad in all-concealing rubber suits like scuba-divers, with angular horned masks to cover their heads. In Part One, they do little except lurk murderously about with raised daggers. They do not speak and we hardly learn anything of their nature, except that they have the Citadel under seige. Inside, the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan find Arbitan, the last remaining Guardian of the Conscience. The old man implores and then tricks them into going on the quest to recover the keys. He gives them travel dials, set on straps like watches, which will conveniently transport them from one location to another. No sooner have the travellers gone, than Arbitan is caught and killed by an invading Voord. The quest may be underway, but the threat of an exciting denouement is already set up.



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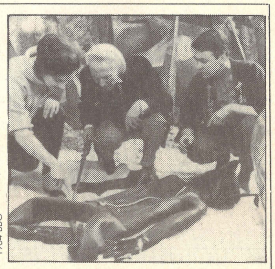

© 1964 BBC

Above: The Doctor, Ian and Barbara inspect a dead Voord.

Left: One of the inhabitants of Marinus, a Voord, sneaks up on Arbitan (played by George Courlouris) and kills him.

The second episode, "The Velvet Web," is set in the city of Morphoton. At first, the travellers find themselves in luxurious apartments where they rapidly become seduced by the comforts that are shown them. As any thing they could wish for seems to be readily available, the purpose of their quest soon slips their minds. When Barbara breaks from the spell, her terror at what she finds is genuinely frightening. Appearances are completely deceptive in Morphoton, the truth is that the city is a shabby, threadbare slum, inhabited by slaves, ruled by the despotic Morphos, three overgrown brains with wobbly eye stalks that seem to live in giant bell jars. Sadly, there is no attempt or time to characterise the creatures, beyond making them maniacal dictators.

Two sets were used for the main apartment, one dressed magnificently as the beguiled travellers see it, the other, shabby and squalid for the truth. There is a humorous scene where the Doctor waxes lyrical on the excellence of an advanced scientific instrument, which is really an old tin mug. Nevertheless, the whole episode is simplistic, despite the usual conviction that Jacqueline Hill provides as Barbara. She is still the most consistently believable and real companion that any of the Doctors has ever had. In Morphoton, the travellers encounter two missing envoys of Arbitan: Sabetha, the Guardian's own daughter and her lover, Altos. Both had succumbed to the Morphos's influence, but once away from it, they still show little sign of character, always being forced into second place, to allow one of the regulars to take any heroic credit necessary. At the end of the episode, the Doctor proposes to go ahead to the fourth and final destination of the quest, the highly civilised city of Morphoton, where he will meet the others once they have recovered the other keys. In reality, William Hartnell was off on holiday for a fortnight!

Ian, Barbara and Susan with Sabetha and Altos in tow, now reach "The Screaming Jungle." This episode is like an obstacle course as our heroes search for the next key in a crumbling house in the forest, surrounded by booby traps and littered with cliches. Darrius, another crony of Arbitan, and Guardian of the next key, is a scientist who has accentuated the "tempo of destruction" (these days it would be "entropy"), with a plant growth accelerator. It has now got completely out of control and the jungle is literally attacking the house, just in time to strangle Darrius, before he can reveal where the key is hidden to Ian and Barbara. The jungle then turns its attention on them as well. Despite the relentless corniness of the episode, the climax of the attacking plants has a true feeling of mounting hysteria. Darrius, incidentally, is played by Edmund Warwick, who would then go on to double for Hartnell's Doctor and eventually play the robot Doctor, created by the Daleks in "The Chase": the second Terry Nation story to use the moving location syndrome, which goes to show that nobody ever learns.

"The Snows of Terror" is set in a frozen waste inhabited by the treacherous and lecherous fur trapper, Vasor. Played with relish by Francis de Woolfe, Vasor has designs on Barbara, and in a scene that would never get past today's censors, he attempts to rape her. He has already tricked Ian and Altos out into the blizzard, whilst hiding fresh meat in their bags to lure the wolves - I suppose if other planets have humanoids, they might have wolfoids too. As much as searching for the hidden keys, the handsome Altos could probably do with a pair of trousers as well. How he copes with the snowy weather in a mini toga is entirely the business and fault of the costume department. The key itself is lodged in a huge block of ice deep inside an ice mountain. Four statuesque frozen soldiers in medieval armour guard it, but thaw into murderous life when Barbara turns the central heating system on. This secne was one of Peter Davison's most vivid early memories of **Doctor Who**. Once again, the climactic chase back to Vasor's hut, where the trapper has hidden the travel dials, is exciting. The ice sentinels axe in first the door, then Vasor, but the travellers retrieve their dials and with one bound...

Arriving in the city of Millenius, the story changes gear once again for "Sentence of Death." Although Millenius seems reasonably futuristic, it is not so civilised as it would evidently like to appear. Evidence exists here, as everywhere else on Marinus, that the Conscience Machine has not been radiating its benevolent influence for some time. Even Arbitan and Darrius, both servants of the Machine, are hardly saints. In Millenius, the legal system is based on the principle that the accused is guilty until proved innocent, a neat reversal of our own system, which livens up plot possibilities considerably. Ian falls victim to this process, accused of murder and stealing the final key. It is up to the Doctor, suitably refreshed by his holiday, to come to the rescue. The court scenes, where William Hartnell is allowed to do a Perry Mason and indulge in a little theatrical oratory, are excellently staged, although the intrigues, kidnaps and double-dealings outside are the usual low-brow stuff.

Not until half way through the final episode, "The Keys of Marinus," does the Doctor reveal the true murderer and recover the Key, then our heroes can return at last to the Citadel. Arbitan is dead and Yartek, leader of the Voord, has arrived. Dressed in the murdered Guardian's robes and cowl, he presumes to steal the keys and control the Conscience Machine himself. It seems a pity to introduce Yartek so late in the proceedings. Chillingly played by Stephen Dartnell, the mystery behind his hideous mask tantalises, but is never revealed. He is described as a man, but he calls his followers "creatures." His behaviour is cruel and analytical of humans as if he was no longer one of them. He cannot understand the depth of feeling that binds Altos and Sabetha. By implication, he seems to have destroyed his own human emotions to resist the Conscience Machine: a high price to pay. He is a fine villain and his limited appearance is a grave miscalculation. It goes without saying that he is overthrown. His eager gloating blinds him to the false key that he fits to the Conscience Machine, with explosive results.

The brave idea of putting so much into one story is what finally flaws "Marinus." In the first season, it is out of place, its errors clearly highlighted by the excellence and subtlety of the other stories, all of them based on a single concept. Yet the fast paced action points to future trends. "Marinus" cannot be written off as a failure, when it shows that **Doctor Who** can encompass all forms of drama, a statement proved time and again for over twenty years.

WHO'S CORNER CONTINUED

wered previously will be coming to your mailbox shortly. This fan forum only works when you write to us, so keep it up.

Now for the winners of the shorty story contest: Category 1: "The Gallifreyan Revolution" written by David Booth, Category 2: "The Tearstone Necklace" written by Debbie Barnum, Category 3: "Overconfidence" written by Karla Taylor. The winners of the art contest were: Category 1: Brynn Leigh Sorenson (although the proper picture was not shown in the contest), Category 2: Peter Dubuque, Category 3: Eddie Terrill.

The winner of the trivia contest is Chris Krisocki. The answer was when the Second Doctor said to the Brig, "You've had the place redecorated. I don't like it," in "The Three Doctors" and "The Five Doctors." Congratulations one and all to the winners and thank you to all who entered.

Until next Time in this Space.

Whoviastically yours,

p.s. Trivia anyone? This is a hard one. What was the official name for the "think tank" in Tom Baker's first story.

Hey, what about my trivia question? Do you know what ever happened to the Doctor's ring? The one on the cover of this newsletter? Hiss, hiss, hiss...Salamaster.

HELP WANTED

Would you like to create a cartoon and/or a story with **Doctor Frog** and his archenemy, the most evil genius in the universe, the SALAMASTER? Submit it. If we like it, we'll print it. (Thank you Eric W. Jette for Salamaster!!)

CLASSIFIEDS CLASSIFIEDS

If you're interested in trading Doctor Who items, collecting or purchasing, if you desire pen pals or would like to get Whovians from your area together for meetings, this is your column. The minimum cost is $12.00 which pays for three lines (50 spaces, including all punctuation and blanks). Each additional line is $4.00. Mail your ad with a check or money order to: DWFCA, P.O. Box 6024, Denver, CO 80206.

WANTED: Doctor Who on videotape. Contact: P. Jost, 4190 McConnell, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

Doctor Who, Star Trek, Gerry Anderson, Star Wars, etc. items for sale, especially Annuals. "Wants" lists welcome, send s.a.s.e. to V.J. Medcalf, 627 Tulpehocken Street, Reading, PA 19601

Looking for a Whovain pen-pal who loves writing letters and talking about the Doctor. Write to me: Deby Barger, 11143 Hawk Street, Cincinnati, OH 45241

Patrick Troughton Appreciation Society offers quality quarterly newsletter. Send SASE to: PTAS, 5011 Teichert Ave., Sacramento, CA 95819 for info.

The Union of Traken - America's ONLY Under 20 Doctor Who Network!! Great newsletter and more! Write: The Union of Traken, 80 Mowhawk Tr., Stamford, CT 06903

Stories, songs, poems and artwork wanted for "The Celery Stalk." Write to: Patnor Publications, P.O. Box 569, Havelock, NC 28532. Please include address for return of artwork.

CONVENTION CALENDAR

APRIL 25-27 ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

PARADOX
Henry VIII Inn & Lodge
800-325-1588
Guests: Patrick Troughton
Send SASE to:
Paradox
P.O. Box 8062
Belleville, Illinois 62222

MAY 2-4 ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DIXIE TREK '86
Sheraton Century Center
I-85 at Clairmont Road
Atlanta, Georgia
Guests: Peter Davison, John Nathan-Turner, Gail Bennett and more
Call: 404-962-8118

MAY 10-11 MANHATTAN, NEW YORK

OFFICIAL STARLOG FESTIVAL
Roosevelt Hotel
45th & Madison Avenue
Manhattan, New York
Guests: Nicholas Courtney, Mark Lenard and more
Send SASE to:
Creation
Box 7155
Garden City, New York 11530

MAY 23-26 NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

WHOVENT '86
Hyatt Hotel
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Guests: John Nathan-Turner, Patrick Troughton, Lalla Ward, Janet Fielding, Frazer Hines, Bonnie Langford
Call: Spirit of Light Enterprises
(312) 685-6865

MAY 31-JUNE 1 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

OFFICIAL STARLOG FESTIVAL
Holiday Inn Golden Gateway
1500 Van Ness Avenue
San Francisco, California
Guests: Terry Nation, Mark Lenard and more
Send SASE to: Creation

JULY 25 ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR
Guests: Terry Nation and others
Send SASE to:
Atlanta Fantasy Fair
P.O.Box 566
Marietta, Georgia 30061

JULY 25-27 SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

TIMECON 86
Guests: Peter Davison, James Doohan, Walter Koenig and George Takei
Send SASE to:
TimeCon 86
124-H Blossom Hill Road
San Jose, California 95123

AUGUST 1-3 ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

TARDISCON - NORTH AMERICAN TIME FESTIVAL 1986
Adam's Mark Hotel
4th & Chestnut Streets
St. Louis, Missouri 63101
800-231-5858
Guests: Patrick Troughton, Mark Strickson, Frazier Hines, Sarah Sutton, John Nathan-Turner
Send SASE to:
Time Festival '86
P.O. Box 39305
St. Louis, Missouri 63139

AUGUST 28 ATLANTA, GEORGIA

CONFEDERATION
The 44th World Science Fiction Con
Guest: Ray Bradbury
Send SASE to:
Confederation
3277 Roswell Road, Suite 1986
Atlanta, Georgia 30305

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WAR MACHINES
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SPECIAL PREVIEW!

DOCTOR WHO

THE EARLY YEARS

A Preview by Author Jeremy Bentham

The Early Years is a book that will probably disappoint many. It is not a book about glitter and glamour. It is not a book filled with anecdotes and puns. It isn't a book that deals with or even mentions Tom Baker... In fact, it is as far removed from the all-singing, all-dancing cabaret/convention style presentation of **Doctor Who** as a Timelord is from an Ogron.

This is because it is a book about bare boards and hard work - hard work from people whose efforts rarely made headlines, and who seldom got mentioned in any tallyroll of **Doctor Who**'s success. It is a book about people who worked, sometimes months at a time without breaks, building the very foundation stones on which the present "penthouse" troupe now rests.

It is a book about television; British television and the way in which many creative and technical elements interacted to make something acceptable to a casual viewer. It covers an era in the BBC's history where push-button, electronic wizardry was just a dream in the technologist's eye, when Directors rehearsed artists in drafty church halls with leaking ceilings, and where the term fan meant nothing more than a device to circulate the smoke-filled atmosphere of a Script Editor's office.

Researching, compiling and writing the material for **The Early Years** is the nearest I have come to understanding a literal definition of the phrase, "a labour of love." It took over two and a half years to produce, with a year alone taken up by litigious arguments with unions over the rights to reproduce the unique photographs supplied by BBC Designer Raymond Cusick, whose contribution is at least one half of the book's whole. It brought many rewards in its wake, but also some tragedies, most notably those people who passed away before the book's research phase could begin.

Unlike Peter Haining's three documentative books for W.H. Allen, **The Early Years** could not afford to be very flexible in approach. To cover comprehensively all the contributions which dovetailed towards the show's final appearance on air, certain people had to be tracked down, or at least discussed in depth by those close to them.

Two losses were evident even before the first word went down on paper. William Hartnell had died in 1975, David Whitaker in 1980, both people taken prematurely from the world by illnesses just at the time when recognition of their work in **Doctor Who** was starting to win the acclaim it so rightfully deserved. True, there was Heather Hartnell who was always proud to talk of her husband's fondness for **Doctor Who**, but what of the enigmatic David Whitaker, who had spent most of the last years of his life in Australia?

Whitaker's wife, Stephanie, was traced to Australia, but that in itself created a headache. For, with the best will in the world, there was no way this humble author could afford to fly out to the home of "Fosters Beer" just for one interview. Fortunately, Lady Luck was at hand. Yes, said Stephanie Whitaker, I was David's wife, but for his **Doctor Who** memories you must talk to his first wife, actress June Barry, who still lives in London...

Luck too in finding **Doctor Who**'s creator, Sydney Newman. While currently the head of his own media company in Canada, Newman took time off from a hectic business schedule in London to provide some startling insights into the devising of the series and the creative clashes between him and Producer Verity Lambert over the "bug-eye monster" Daleks -clashes which only on reflection Newman is happy he lost.

Of course no book tracing the evolution of **Doctor Who** could possibly claim completeness without the major input of Verity Lambert being highlighted. She, above everyone else, was the guiding light behind the project, handling all the trials and tribulations of those first years with an effortless professionalism, despite being just twenty-seven years of age with **Doctor Who** her first job as a Producer.

Nowadays Verity Lambert is just about the most senior name in the British film industry with string after string of successful shows and films in credit behind her. An exceptionally busy lady, finding time to grant a lengthy interview about something she did over twenty years ago was not easy. In fact, her chapter in the book was the last major piece to be written after months and months of delays, deferments, cancellations and postponements.

But it was worth the wait. Seeing that Sydney Newman had decided to "spill the beans" about **Doctor Who**, Verity Lambert agreed to break her own twenty-year silence and finally tell all about those early, very turbulent years.

What emerged from that hard-won, three hour long interview will very probably shock and stun those "up-front" fans fed for years on a diet of everyone standing up and saying what a fun show **Doctor Who** is, and how each person has such a good time working on it.

The Lambert gospel tells of a programme which basically stuck in the throat of most people at the BBC; a prodigal child which, despite its status, was never treated with the full respect normally accorded a BBC TV drama series. It tells how the Children's Department, furious at not being awarded the series themselves, almost succeeded in having the series aborted before its birth. It tells how internal politics brought about the unique situation of Production Designers handling visual effects in addition to their own duties. And it tells how a pair of scissors on screen led to an abject apology in lieu of premature cancellation.

Two further sad losses occurred during the writing of the book. Heather Hartnell passed on before her chapter was done, her place being taken, at the last minute, by the bubbly Carole Ann Ford who dispells forever the long held belief that there are no "fornicators" aboard the TARDIS.

But on a personal basis, it was the sudden death of Director Douglas Camfield early in 1984 that dealt the book its biggest body blow. Read any interview with any person who has worked on **Doctor Who** a long time - even newcomer Directors like Graeme ("Androzani") Harper, and the name Douglas Camfield crops up with universal reverence and regularity. He was a man liked, admired and respected by all who met and worked with him. Camfield refined the task of directing into an art form and executed it with military precision. He pioneered new techniques of camera shooting and passed on what he learned to his peers and his juniors.

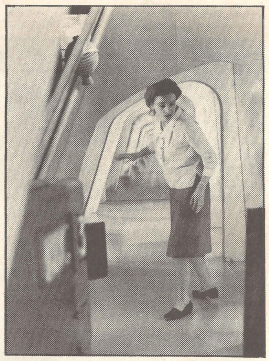
His would have been a proud inclusion in the book. But it was not to be.

Again, though, Lady Luck stepped forward and the contribution made by substitute Director Christopher ("Daemons") Barry ended up enhancing the tome far beyond its original parameters.

Putting it mildly, Christopher Barry is a hoarder. Calling at his period cottage deep in the English countryside to run the interview, my photographer and I were treated to a veritable magician's act as artifact after artifact from **Doctor Who**'s long dead past were unearthed, dusted down, and presented for the camera's gaze. "Now where did I put it...Ah yes, hang on, here we are," enthused the Director, nicknamed "The Mad Monk" (by virtue of haircut and interest in post-Monastic architecture), as he brought down from a shelf a beautifully preserved Designer's model of the main amphitheatre set for "The Romans."

It was stuff of which writer's dreams are made -photographs, models, press clippings, internal documents and props, few of which had seen the light of day since the mid-Sixties. Tied in with Raymond Cusick's own archival material, Christopher Barry's mementoes turned a documentative book into a work of historical importance.

And let no one misjudge what the book's co-founder, Raymond Cusick, put into the work. A keen photographer, Cusick coincided his appointment as one of the only two Designers on **Doctor Who** with the purchase of a new "Pentax" camera. Week after week, roll after roll, Cusick snapped away with his new toy, recording everything from model stage filming to studio rehearsals, to the day, on location, when a film crew found you couldn't tow a full-size Dalek out of a sand pit using a Land Rover.



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RARE RAYMOND CUSICK PHOTO OF JACQUELINE HILL REHEARSAL SHOT FOR PART ONE OF "THE DALEKS."

Doctor Who - The Early Years won't tell you where Sarah Sutton learned to tap dance, or where Anthony Ainley learned to sing "Chicago." It won't tell you how to sew Hawaiian Andy-Pandy suits, or how to microwave a Sontaran Sarney. What it might tell you, though, is of a turbulent time when the least miscalculation would have spelt premature burial for a new and innovative series. It might tell you of efforts made by dedicated teams of professionals, working forty-eight weeks a year, to bring a new dimension to family broadcasting - of mixing the unreal with the socially recognisable. It might just tell you about the real magic of **Doctor Who**.

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INTERVIEW WHO

CAROLE ANN FORD

The following is an interview with Carole Ann Ford. Carole played the part of Susan Foreman with the first Doctor, William Hartnell. Although there are varying opinions, Susan was supposed to have been the Doctor's granddaughter, which would have been the only link to his family in the history of the show. Ms. Ford's tenure with **Doctor Who** went from November 23, 1963 to December 26, 1964. As you can see, she's even more beautiful today than she was when she co-starred in **Doctor Who**.

WT: When did you become interested in acting?

CAF: I can't remember when I was not . . . always.

WT: When did your formal training in acting begin?

CAF: I started theatre classes (i.e. ballet, tap dancing, acrobatic, acting) at three, but never attended acting school full time. I attend R.A.D.A. regularly for "professional courses" and continue to take dancing classes now.

WT: How did you get the part of Susan in **Doctor Who**?

CAF: Verity Lambert and Wanis Hussein watched me from a studio control box while we were rehearsing a T.V. play, "Man on a Bicycle," invited me to have a chat, and then offered me the part.

WT: It is said that Verity Lambert has a hot temper. What was it like working under her?

CAF: Personally, I have never been on the receiving end of Verity's "temper." I always enjoyed working with her.

WT: What are your fondest memories of **Doctor Who**?

CAF: Bill and I had a very amenable working and professional relationship based on mutual respect and fondness for each other.

WT: What made you decide to leave **Doctor Who**?

CAF: My character wasn't being allowed to develop, she became repetitious and two dimensional and I became bored and frustrated about playing the part.

WT: Could you please list some of the acting jobs and parts you've been involved with?

CAF: Theatre: "Jungle Book," "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Stranger in the House," "Private Lives," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mother," "Inadmissable Evidence," "You Never Can Tell," "Enrico," "Bakerloo to Paradise," "The Rumpus," and "Expresso Bongo."

Films: "The Hiding Place," "Sarah," "The Day of the Triffids," "Mix Me a Person," and "Great Saint Trinians Train Robbery."

Television: "The Likely Lad," "Dial 'M' for Murder," "Juke Box Jury," "Emergency Ward 10," "Public Eye," "Probation Officer," "Moonstrike," "Z Cars," "The Attorney General," and "Man on a Bicycle."

WT: Which medium do you prefer, television or theatre?

CAF: Theatre, but it depends on the part. You see, with theatre there are so many opportunities to play so many different parts. Television is not so open. It's a rather "two-handed" affair. I like the parts I get in the theatre. Yes, I much prefer theatre.

WT: Why do you feel **Doctor Who** has been so successful?

CAF: Because of the endless possibilities. The Doctor travels in a spaceship that looks like an old London Police Box and it's larger on the inside than it is on the outside. Going from that foundation, script writers can create almost anything that's within imagination's grasp. **Doctor Who** has enjoyed some wonderful script writers. It's very thought provoking, isn't it? So much of it is fun to watch as well.

WT: Do you have children? What are their names and ages? Do they watch **Doctor Who**?

CAF: Yes, Miranda is twenty-five and Tara is ten. Tara watches **Doctor Who**.

WT: What did you think of the **Doctor Who** conventions you've attended in America?

CAF: They were very enjoyable, exciting and stimulating for me.

WT: What was it like working on **Doctor Who** in the early years? How did it differ from, say, working on the "Five Doctors"?

CAF: In the early years we had very few days for rehearsal and a only a few days to actually shoot the story. Each episode took about a week to do. Doing "The Five Doctors" took much longer. There was more production, more takes and re-takes. Much of the production done today is more sophisticated too. We couldn't have done that in those days; we didn't have the means. And we rarely did re-takes.

WT: After leaving, did **Doctor Who** have any effect on your career?

CAF: Well, to tell you the truth, it killed my career stone dead!